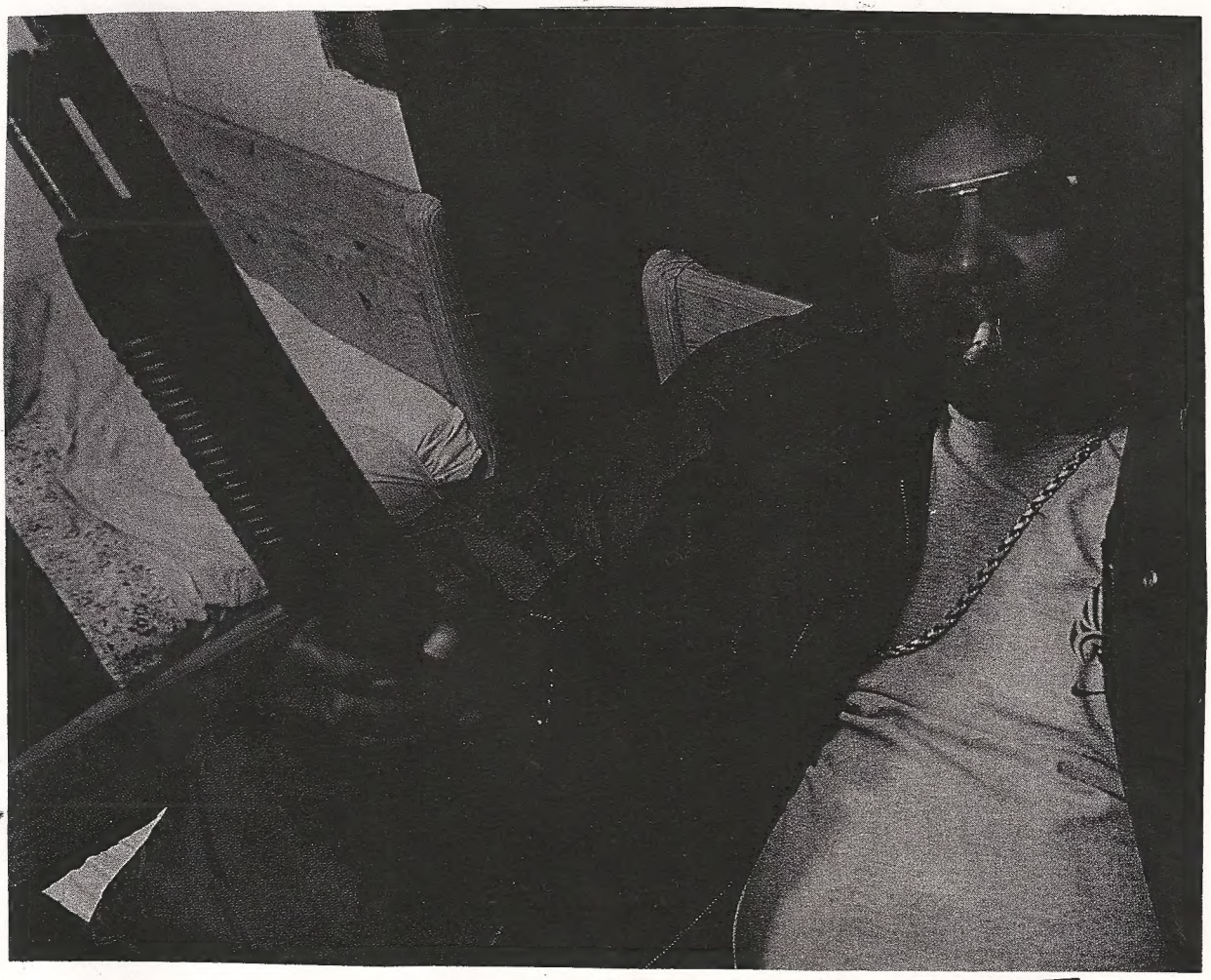
AZJOX★ZINE

"an unconsciously sober liberation of denial"



THE TRAITOR'S MORAL DILEMMA

believingly false: reviews of questions,
poems of answers, stories of survival
in urban everyday,

decisions made on a dime.

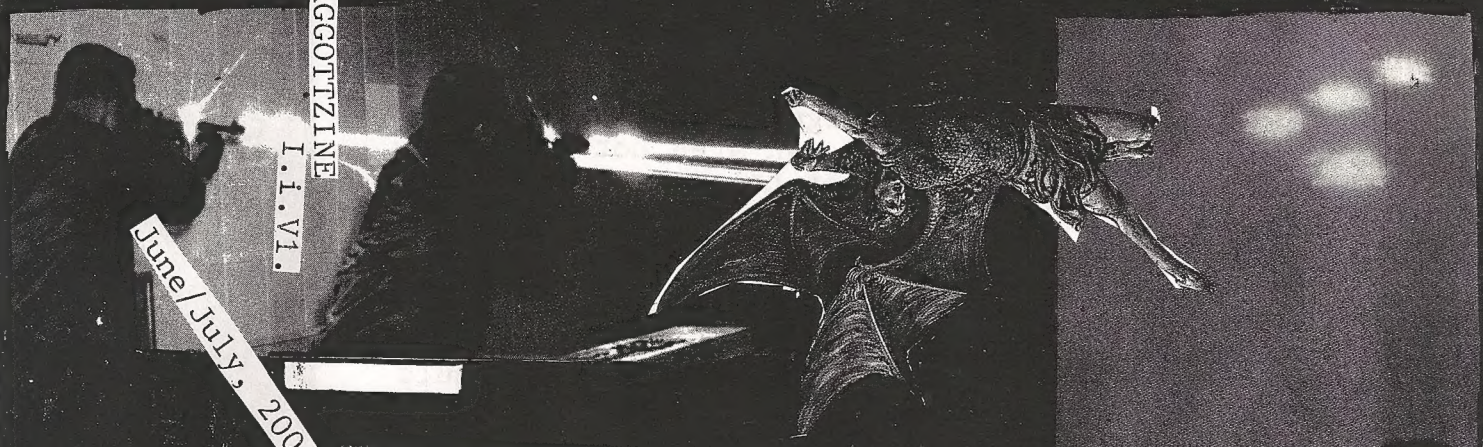
dying on the vine: explanations of
without culture that no one seems
able to find.

and more.

volume I, issue 1
june/july, '04

when the President died nine weeks later, the gunman blamed his death on the inefficiency of the doctors . . . and the will of God.

MAGGOTZINE
I.i.VI.
June/July, 2004



metaphysics (editorial)

metastasis (definitions)

metamorphose (reviews)

SAVE SACCO & VANZETTI

meta-maggotry (poetry)

metafiction (metafiction)

as the tide of war turned.

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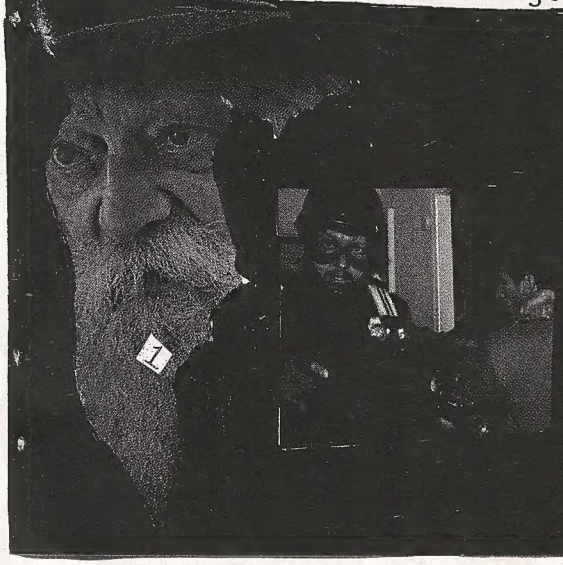


Prado Madri

THE GOOD BOOKS rise from the fire, while the heretical ones burn. Witch-hunter St. Dominic looks on. He helped to lead the battle against the Cathars.

CRAVING THE WHORE: DRUNKEN EDITORIALS

Perhaps it is to the credit of the city of Topeka that Fred Phelps and his band of merry men, women, and children have been allowed to exist and grow for over ten years now. After all, the group has conducted their nearly terroristic campaign against free speech in the heart of the Bible Belt, an area not exactly highly esteemed for its sense of tolerance. However, even the most casual viewer of Phelps'tragic misuse of constitutional right must wonder how long such protestors would be allowed to exist if they held signs reading: "Gays Rule" or "God Loves Fags", not to mention t-shirts and banners. After all, the lifespan of establishments catering to alternative lifestyles in this city could hardly be considered Biblical, and anyone still living under the impression that Phelps and his followers are the sole organized group of homophobes and hatemongers in this city should be committed (TPD, TFD, City government, etc).

But a strange turn of sentiments now rules the streets Phelps continues to protest. Phelps and his stupid signs are no longer the most disgusting aspect of the story; instead , the most sickening aspect of the story is the crippling apathy which has infected the citizens of the "golden city". "Not Today Fred" and "Hate is Not a Family Value" gave way to the random honked horn-middle finger combo, which eventually relented to, well, nothing. No counter protests, no civil disobedience of any sort, save on special occassions. If the people of this city wanted Phelps silenced, he would have been a long time ago. One very old man with very little to say cannot fight the sentiments of an entire city, even a small city like Topeka. Every day Phelps stands in protest, a small piece of all of us stands with him.

TEN SECOND EDITORIALS

1. Girls always go for the wrong guy.
2. Because girls always go for the wrong guy, the right guy quickly becomes the wrong guy.
3. Girls complain too much.

1. I am sick and tired of Snoop Dogg.
2. I have been for a long time.
3. He sucks.

1. Blonde jokes are still funny.

1. Eazy-E was the baddest member of NWA.
2. NWA was the baddest group ever.

1. Mother teresa has proven that a saint is someone who wants to help the world, not just someone who dies for their faith.
2. Jimmy Carter is a saint.
3. I will fight anyone who says otherwise.

1. Brewsky's is the best bar in Topeka.
2. The people there are the salt of the earth.
3. They respect you if you respect them.

On-Site Policing

WHO DOES IT: Local police

HOW IT WORKS: Police agencies have stepped up presence in all major cities, in part to keep an eye out for terrorist activity.

DEFINITIONS

imagined: a style of dress popularized two days ago by a male prostitue in somewhere's downtown.

there: at heart a description of the worries manifest in David Lynch's movies - squares love it.

Slowly: a friend that night came brought him home drunk dumped on doorstep, take him with you they cried.

thrown out: the action of a saint in Canada, her breasts and the hotel keyes hovered in a corner.

Rebecca: ultimate respector of human life, yet consummate collector of human existance - I never thought it would be that way.

even though: without doubt, the only reason she may date me and listen to the feral beating heart that distance causes, and gains riches touching to those talking.

exaggeration: the spice of life.

Maggottzine: an exaggeration.

Old Style: a beer.

metro: a subway system in paris that she beautiful is riding on and and hanging her head he hopes.

long black hair: December's most notorious moth.

short black hair: decidedly wanders New York and the Brooklyn of my mind her bicycle shutterring my away, psst, shh, go and go to your room tonight disdainly.

Couldn't Sleep: Slowly's best friend and tired soul nonetheless. loved stories about those who died young.

perversion: sculpture.

military: an outcast part of human social nature made comatose in the nature wrought metaphors dismembered of post-modernism.

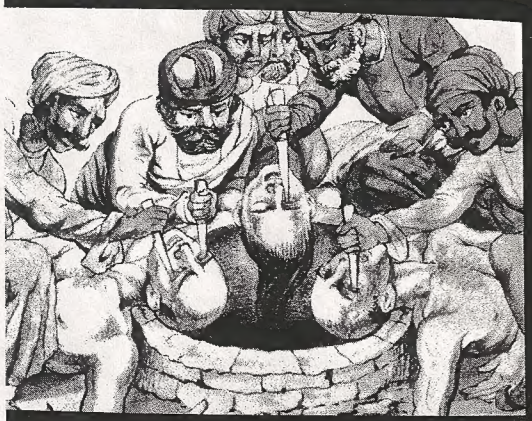
dependancy: excuses, excuses, and abounding glory gone.

silk: a pursed lip calling.

Al Sharpton: our idol here at Maggottzine.

We should be honest and stop applauding art and architecture that any child would readily say is ugly

Chain-smoking 12-year-old twins Johnny (left) and Luther Htoo are the leaders of God's Army, a ragtag rebel group fighting for autonomy for the country's Karen ethnic minority. The boys, photographed in December at a base near the Thai border, are believed by followers to have mystical powers, including being bulletproof. In 1997 they reportedly led an uprising to avenge a government attack on the village where they and their parents (who defer to their sons) lived. In January the insurgency spilled into neighboring Thailand as 10 gun-toting members of God's Army raided a hospital in Ratchaburi and held some 800 medical staff and patients hostage. Hopes that their demands would be met—sanctuary from Myanmar military forces and medical treatment for their comrades—were dashed when Thai forces stormed the complex after a 22-hour standoff and killed all 10 gunmen. It is not known whether the Htoo brothers, who sat out the raid, sanctioned the botched mission.



Hit

When this guy, this real sonofabitch, walks in and joins his friends, smiling fucker, I down my beer and get up to leave, knowing that I just can't stay in the same room with ths guy for too long cause I just might bust his fucking head open with a pool cue, laughing no more, and am too drunk to even beat a shithead like him and furthermore ain't gonna give him or anyone else here the distinct pleasure of watching me pass out at the bar again, my pretty head stuck to the bar beneath a pool of spit and spilt beer, the bastard bartender nudged my numbed shoulder, the whole bar laughing, fucking kids and thank god I don't stumble until I swing the door open.

Red light: dumb drunk almost killed that poor girl. Just walk on: none of them are worth it.

Convenience store: young woman behind the counter her eyes barely summit the cash register and potato chip displays. Looks of Loretta Lynn, and thgough she's spying on me, crouched behind those displays, as if in some dark alley, waiting for me to slip up, to...

I stop at the magazine rack, pretend to look through the headlines, but really examine the selection of skin mags - young women on their hands and knees offerring up to muscular black men that which their daddy's held most dear in this world. Doggy style they call it.

Looking back at the clerk, I catch it as she walks back through a set of swinging doors. Bad move, I know.

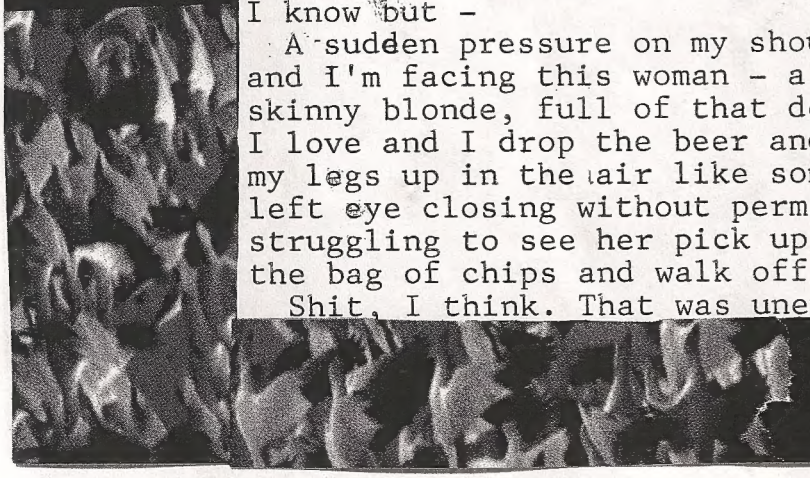
I have money, understand that, but in a second I grab one of the zines, stick it in my coat, run to the freezers and snatch a twelve pack, bag of some chips, and head for the door just as she emerges from the back.

I hear her scream before the door closes, something like "Hey!" or something.

Another scream follows, but again I'm not listening, and walk faster to show her that she can't change my mind. She's out the door now, I know that instinctivly, but I'm around the corner by now, heading towards home, which isn't far away, I know. She'll call the cops I know but -

A sudden pressure on my shoulder explains everything and I'm facing this woman - a glance, a stringy, s skinny blonde, full of that desperate determination I love and I drop the beer and end up on my back my legs up in the air like some hotel whore, my left eye closing without permission. I look up, struggling to see her pick up the twelve pack and the bag of chips and walk off towards the store.

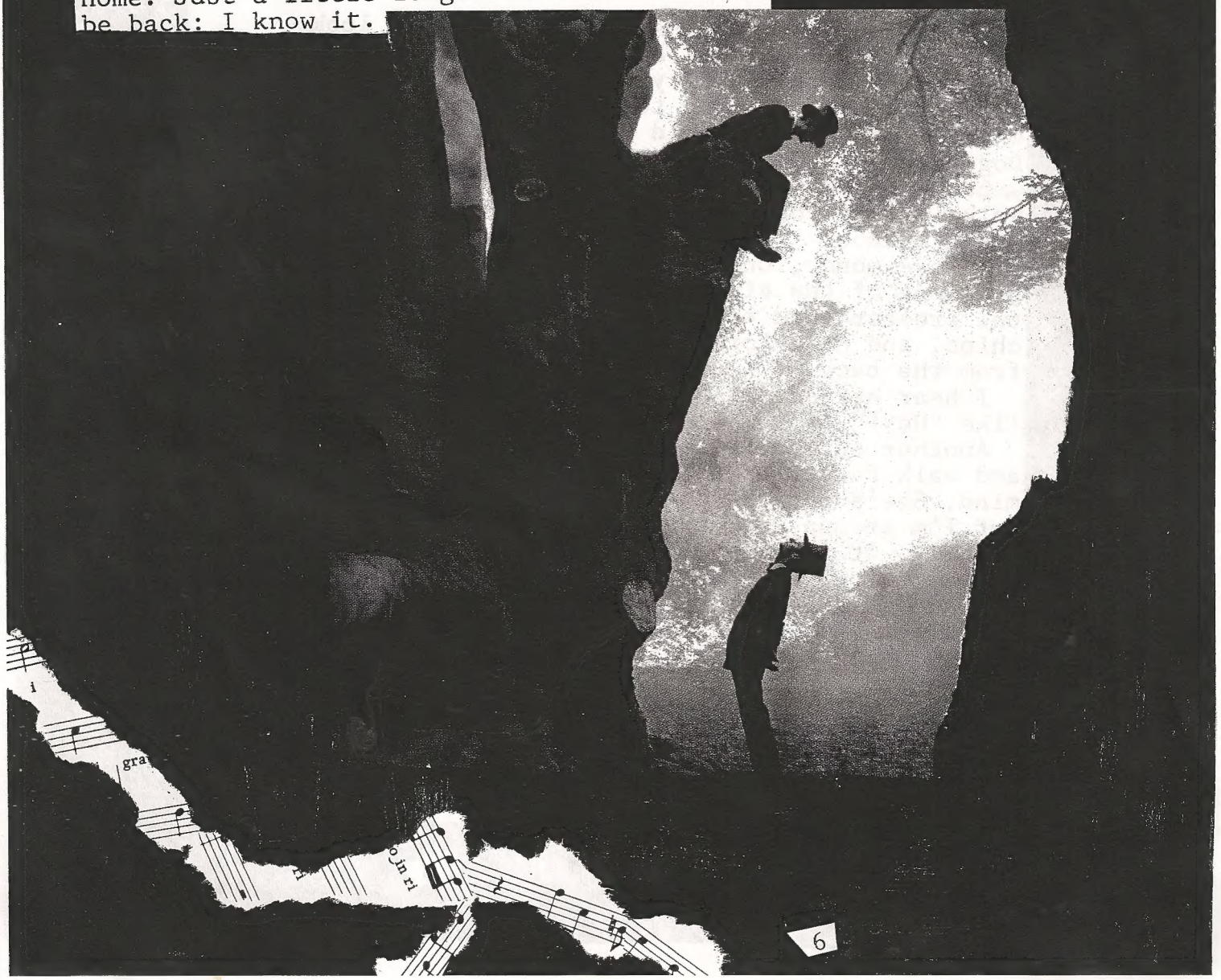
Shit, I think. That was unexpected.



It doesn't take me long to realize that this night is a bust, a fucking waste of energy to bother with each second, and for a moment I remain frozen in place. It occurs to me that I should just stay here, on the sidewalk until something interesting had the nerve to happen, someone new walked by , a cop, some spic, or perhaps a beautiful woman, yeah, a nineteen year old sliding along the asphalt in a long red dress and black high heels, clicking loudly, supporting elegant long legs, arms as smooth as ribbons and fingernails red as blood, digging into my shoulders, sex, and those strands of brown hair sticking to her slightly parted lips and eyes as green as the meadows that only lovers lie in in poems.

"Yeah," I think. Just lay here and wait for her to return. Just wait a little longer and sleep and then we can go home. Just a little longer and she'll be back: I know it.

downloading music for free is cool.



Making Do
by
Italo Calvino

There was a town where everything was forbidden.

Now since the only thing that wasn't forbidden was the game of tip-cat, the towns subjects used to assemble on meadows behind the town and spend the days there playing tip-cat.

And as the laws forbidding things had been introduced one at a time and always with good reason, no one found any cause for complaint or had any trouble getting used to them.

Years passed. One day the constables saw that there was no longer any reason why everything should be forbidden and they sent messengers to inform their subjects that they could do whatever they wanted.

The messengers went to those places where the subjects were wont to assemble.

"Hear ye, hear ye," they announced. "Nothing is forbidden anymore."

The people went on playing tip-cat.

"Understand?" the messengers insisted. "You are free to do what you want."

"Good," replied the subjects. "We're playing tip-cat."

The messengers busily reminded them of the many wonderful and useful occupations they had once engeaged in and could now engage in once again. But the subjects wouldn't listen and just went on playing, stroke after stroke, without even stopping for a breather.

Seeing that their efforts were in vain, the messengers went to tell the constables.

"Easy," the constables said. "We'll just forbid the game of tip-cat."

That was when the people rebelled and killed the lot of them.

Then without wasting time, they got back to playing tip-cat.

"Sanctuary"
-Dorothy Parker

My land is bare of chattering folk;
The clouds are low among the ridges
And sweet's the air with curly smoke,
From all my burning bridges.

"Love Song"
-AR Ammons

Like the hills under dusk you
fall from the light:
you deepen: the green
light darkens
and you are nearly lost:
only so much light as
stars keep
manifests in your face:
the total night in
myself raves
for the light along your lips.
-1970.

andy finding god while on acid and trying to kill me
-STAB

simple stains of simply laid nightloss plans-
and pain of divorced parents kicking rocks down streets downtown,
seen alone and discovered reeling from lessons learned long ago once taught once by
angelic brushes of eyelashes on skin.
Somewhere I found a brick hurled through my windows, the shattering of glass awoke
me to the daylight of someone hating me, wishing me dead, laughing at my pain,
kicking my broken limbs -
I sit and think of dead grandmothers and white t-shirts, familiar smells, fated
raindrops and ex-junkie friends without whom I'd have no protection or social
life. No one to talk to and a sissy black eye to boot-
draining the light
from Circe's mouth.

Liz

I was sitting in the library talking to Liz when John walked by, smiled and nodded a quiet hello to the both of us.

"You know," she said in a hushed voice. "He can suck his own dick."

She paused. "I've seen it."

Her eyes batted behind me where John was leaving the library.

My initial reaction was to follow her eyes and look back at John, which is what she expected me to do, but knowing Liz the way i knew Liz, the way everyone knew Liz - she always blinked twice when she lied, and she always lied.

I watched her.

"When did you see this?" I asked.

"We went out for a little while," she explained. "He did it a lot."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why did he do it "a lot"?"

"To turn me on," she said, quite off-handedly. "Kinky."

I continued to watch, though she'd yet to blink abnormally in any way. I began to picture John "in the act", doubled over himself, his long blonde hair hanging in between his criss-crossed spider-like legs, sitting in Liz's spoiled rich girl bedroom like some monster straight out of her spoiled rich girl nightmares. I began to wonder at John, an individual I'd developed a slight respect for. Two things crossed my mind: first, why would John have to resort to such drastic and possibly fatal measures to excite Liz, who, as everyone knew, would only be considered respectable in Times Square circa 1984. And second, if John possessed the mythical ability to perform such drastic and possibly fatal feats, why the need for Liz?

We sat in the enforced silence of the high school library surrounded by fat librarians who had no idea of the illicit and fantastical nature of our conversation. I could tell that Liz wanted to continue.

"And?" I pushed.

"And then we shot heroin," she revealed.

Immediately she dropped her eyes to the copy of Shakespeare she'd been pretending to read when I arrived.

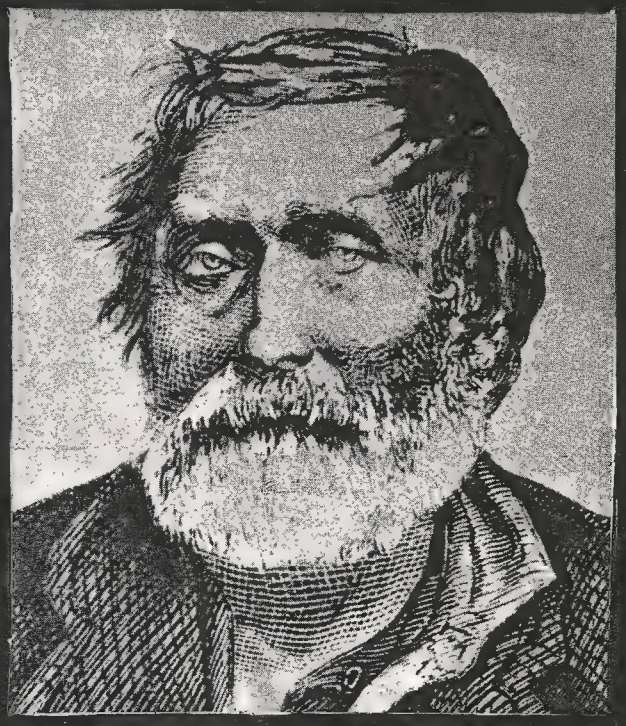
(6/21)
stupid icense brought her blood in
baggied and dyed me her hair
to pass out locks
on the freeway,
her passers by all severing the clean
from their skin.
Without distance we disappeared,
and left to all that -
could ask herquestion:
"Let them go, Pablo," she pleaded.
"They never hurt anyone."

(8/3/03)
He is here,
and nowhere disappears into a
single thought that runs thirty years
long into nowhere and how those
Pennsylvania truckstops are
coming and going and home merges
into "Next stop New York"
where our Newark and a suitcase
still listens a lover.

(then)
Someone's foolish nighttime goes
shatterring the skin of an
explosion -
Never travelled waters wander to
succumbing -
the sighing crow stirs Alyosha's
young heart.

(tonight)
tonight, otherwise,
I'll just sleep in my clothes
and piece together the sciences of the
night with Slowly's rotting tools,
and the girls he left sleeping
at the Columbus bus station.
My mind mutterring places of interest,
all about her hair so shiverring,
and my job waiting around the
morning air for a blowjob and a
place to call our own -
December phone calls and a week
worth of weakness,
shambles in stage left with my
sword and Slowly's smile,
and quiets the storm into
awkward audience
hush and forgiven
sighs.

the Bloody Benders



John Bender, the father. The family consisted of Old Man Bender, of German origin and aged about 60, his raw-boned wife who was a few years younger, their son who was in his late twenties, and their daughter Kate.

Kate Bender was a spiritualist, and gave lectures in various nearby Kansas towns as well as calling on the dead to speak – a task for which she was well equipped. 'Professor Miss Kate Bender can heal disease, cure blindness, fits and deafness', said her advertisement in local papers. And no doubt, with the aid of her family, she could

In late 1873 a mass grave was discovered outside of a small cabin near Cherryvale, KS. The grave contained the bodies of ten adults and one infant, all bludgeoned to death from behind. The occupants of the cabin, which also functioned as a stopover for travellers along the Osage Trail, had mysteriously disappeared without a trace. Though their bodies would never be discovered and their story never properly concluded, history would go on to claim the Bloody Benders, fahter John, wife Ma. son John Jr, and daughter Kate, as the nations first mass murderers.

The Benders moved to Kansas in the 1860s along with five other families which made up a strange spiritualist cult. When the other families decided to leave Cherryvale, the Benders remained, opening their home to travellers along the way. Kate Bender, the buxom and charismatic daughter became known throughout the area for her psychic abilities, giving apocalyptic lectures and professing special powers for the curing of disease. She was also known for luring travellers into the Benders cottage using her good looks.

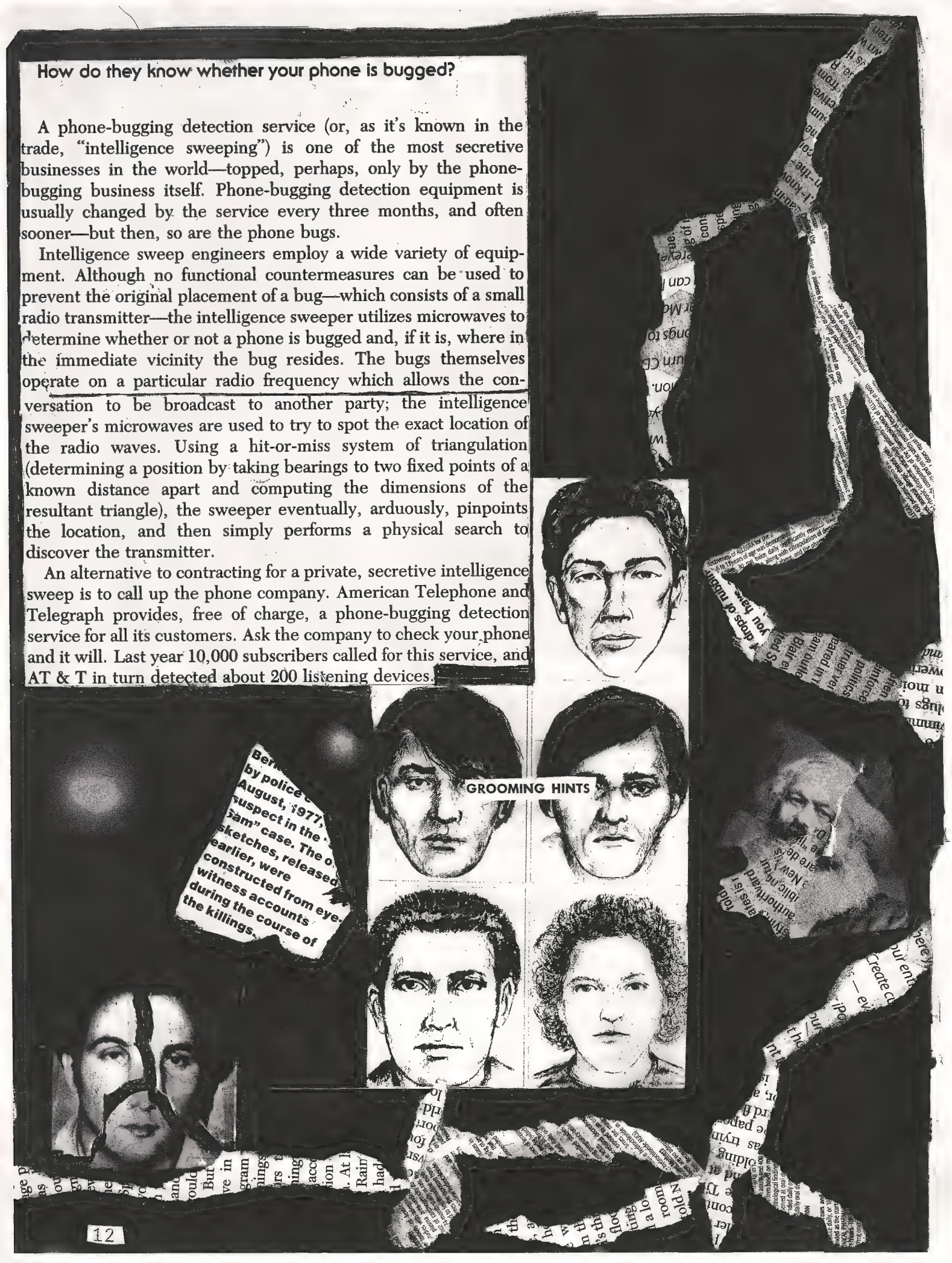
After being discovered the Benders disappeared entirely. Some legends claim that they escaped to Michigan or Texas. Others say that they were lynched by angry townsfolk. No one really knows. Nevertheless, the hills around Cherryvale, KS which for many years bore the secrets of the Bender household have been renamed Bender Mounds. Over the years many books and movies about the Benders have been released. The tiny Cherryvale museum still holds three of the sledgehammers used by John Bender to do in his victims. While the facts of the case may remain hazy, human interest in the lurid does not seem to fade.

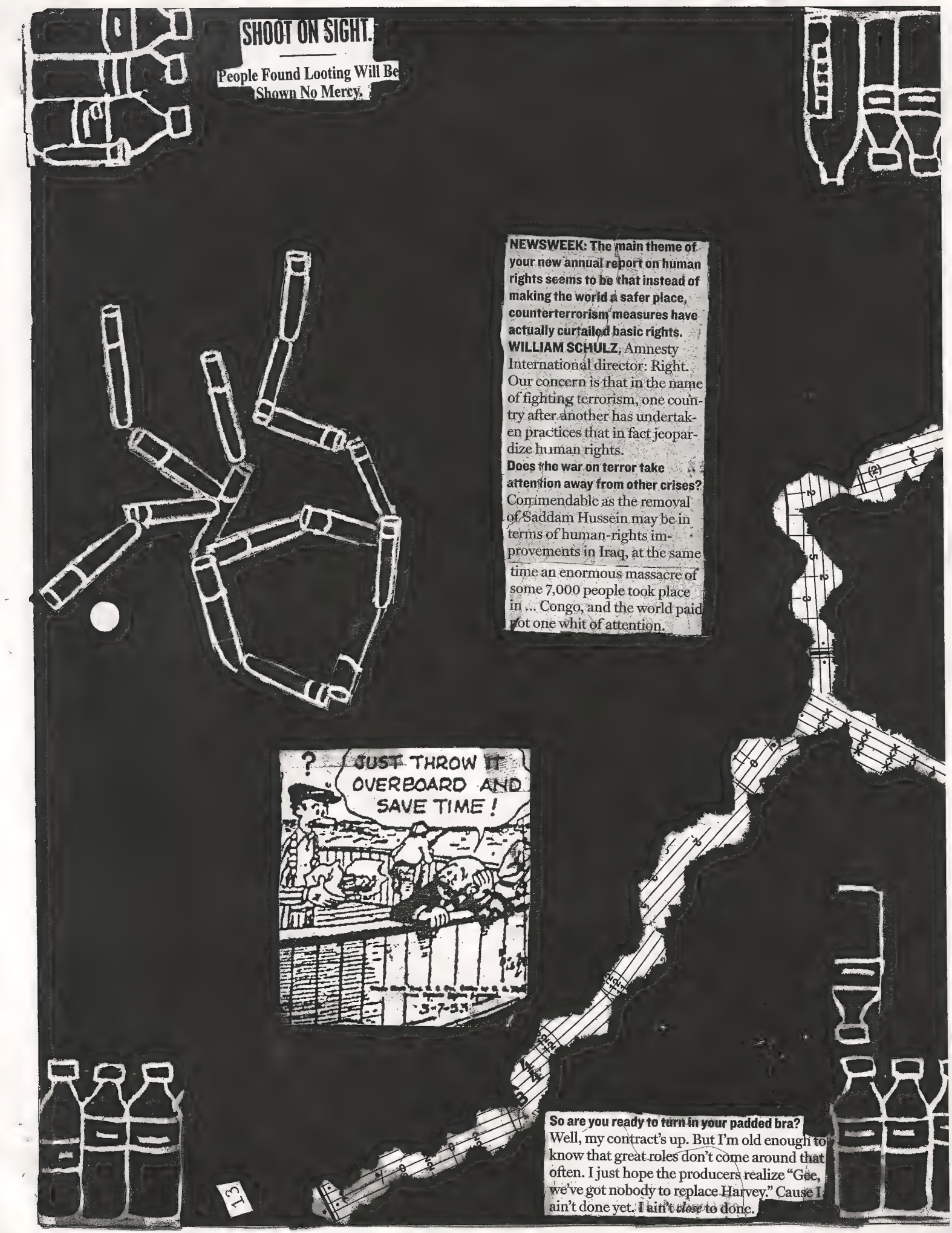
How do they know whether your phone is bugged?

A phone-bugging detection service (or, as it's known in the trade, "intelligence sweeping") is one of the most secretive businesses in the world—topped, perhaps, only by the phone-bugging business itself. Phone-bugging detection equipment is usually changed by the service every three months, and often sooner—but then, so are the phone bugs.

Intelligence sweep engineers employ a wide variety of equipment. Although no functional countermeasures can be used to prevent the original placement of a bug—which consists of a small radio transmitter—the intelligence sweeper utilizes microwaves to determine whether or not a phone is bugged and, if it is, where in the immediate vicinity the bug resides. The bugs themselves operate on a particular radio frequency which allows the conversation to be broadcast to another party; the intelligence sweeper's microwaves are used to try to spot the exact location of the radio waves. Using a hit-or-miss system of triangulation (determining a position by taking bearings to two fixed points of a known distance apart and computing the dimensions of the resultant triangle), the sweeper eventually, arduously, pinpoints the location, and then simply performs a physical search to discover the transmitter.

An alternative to contracting for a private, secretive intelligence sweep is to call up the phone company. American Telephone and Telegraph provides, free of charge, a phone-bugging detection service for all its customers. Ask the company to check your phone and it will. Last year 10,000 subscribers called for this service, and AT & T in turn detected about 200 listening devices.




SHOOT ON SIGHT.
People Found Looting Will Be Shown No Mercy.
NEWSWEEK: The main theme of your new annual report on human rights seems to be that instead of making the world a safer place, counterterrorism measures have actually curtailed basic rights.
WILLIAM SCHULZ, Amnesty International director: Right. Our concern is that in the name of fighting terrorism, one country after another has undertaken practices that in fact jeopardize human rights.
Does the war on terror take attention away from other crises?
Commendable as the removal of Saddam Hussein may be in terms of human-rights improvements in Iraq, at the same time an enormous massacre of some 7,000 people took place in ... Congo, and the world paid not one whit of attention.
? JUST THROW IT OVERBOARD AND SAVE TIME!
So are you ready to turn in your padded bra?
Well, my contract's up. But I'm old enough to know that great roles don't come around that often. I just hope the producers realize "Gee, we've got nobody to replace Harvey." Cause I ain't done yet. I ain't *close* to done.

Reviews

the stock market is your enemy.

Some Girls, "All My Friends Are Going to Death"
2004, Deathwish Records

An all-star cast comprised of assholes from spock legends The Locust, Give Up the Ghost, and snore-bore vigilantes Tristeza, Some Girls scream and shatter their vain-glorious way through, what?, sixteen songs of filth, grime, and chaos splatter with the most proper sense of pure English punctuation and so-so, hip-hip hair-do's. Hey, kid, it's still the '60s down in sandy San Diego, baby, straight where the Spock was born from and though he's dead most everywhere else, He lives long and prospers his annoying ass off in So-Cal. Sex and drugs and rock 'n rollers flying high while laying low in the "underground": vocals that can't be understood, songs that can't crack a minute in length, and more pretty underage punk rock chicks than one Prince Albert can handle (not that he won't try, cocaine, thank you). Life is good sometimes.

heroin is a narcotic. girls are drugs.

Sonic Youth, "Sonic Nurse", 2004

Sonic Youth may have reinvented rocknroll, but they never reinvented themselves. Regardless of how revolutionary their music once was, Youth's brand of cringing white noise, which defined the '80s more than just musically, no longer resonates with the cries of anarchy that it once did. A great deal of this is due to the fact that their entire career has been based on a terminal "dumbing down" of aesthetic: the deconstruction of "Confusion is Sex" gave way to construction, disorder to order, and chaos to major label deals and serious artist posturing. There is nothing on "Nurse" that Thurston, Kim, Steve, or Lee couldn't have written fifteen years ago and tacked onto the end of "Dirty" or "Goo", and the Lou Reed affectations that Thurston finds it necessary to adopt on certain songs are nearly nauseating. "Sonic Nurse" may be a good album, but it is not a good Sonic Youth album.

the new saint: valerie solanis

Santo Gold, 6/18/04, Jackpot Saloon, Lawrence, KS

Though it may have been their final show together, Santo Gold's June 18 performance at the Jackpot Saloon (a terrible venue) was not a wake, nor a snuff film of any particular sinifigance. Trust me, these guys are too good to not survive the departure of one member (bassist Garrett). They blasted through an hour of sonic-psycho-punk, ranging from old classics (once lovingly reunited with ho-hum vocalist Kelsey), to tunes from their sole release "Hold On", very promising new pieces, and a devilish Misfits cover. If you never witnessed the technical brilliance of a Santo Gold show (here's a hint, guitarist Danial actually admits to being a Rush fan), then don't worry, you'll get another shot.

missouri sucks.

this is subliminal.

Sun Kil Moon, "Ghosts of the Great Highway"
2004, Jetset Records

Regardless of what he or anyone else might tell you, Mark Kozelek has always been, and always will be, a solo artist. His eccentric personality and songwriting style always betrayed the supposedly communal aesthetic of the Red House Painters more than any liner notes possibly could, and his brief stint as a solo artist covering AC/DC songs on acoustic guitar revealed his true punk spirit. Nonetheless, SKM, which contains members of RHP, shows the artist breaking new ground. Most of the numbers are acoustic and highlight Kozelek's distinctively halfmoan-half wail of a voice, and the opening track "Glen Tipton" certainly hearkens back to the glory days of "Songs For a Blue Guitar". But the electric numbers lack the lazy, shoegaze spirit of the great Painter's songs. In fact, some of them actually sound like Kozelek is trying to,um, rock-out ("Salvador Sanchez" and "Lily and Parrots"), and all of my ex-girlfriends will tell you that I've been saying for years that Kozelek, for all his effort, will never be Gene Simmons.

The Fire Theft, "S/T", 2003, Rykodisc Records

Jeremy Enigk is Phil Collins and this album sports the worst cover art of all-time. However, Enigk still has the most beautiful voice of any male indie-rock artist, and The Fire Theft's debut release showcases it above a lot of schmaltz and schmooze, but just enough decent guitar work to make it not, well, sickening. Hardcore fans of Enigk's solo work, and his legendary Sunny Day Real Estate work will undoutedly listen to this constantly, but the uninitiated may be disappointed. Standout tracks: "Sinatra", "Uncle Mountain". Reccommended if you like: washed-up emo (a redundancy), guys who should focus more on solo work.

Fall of the Bastards, "Dusk of an Ancient Age"
2004, Intolerant Messiah Records

It would make sense that Portland, home of the ultra-annoying Rainbow Fest and the Trailblazers would produce one of the most heretical and blasphemous metal bands America has ever seen. Fall of the Bastards has been receiving rave reviews in the Northwest and West coast areas for years now, and their debut release "Dusk of..." shows why. Black metal done as it was done fifteen years ago: vengeful, raw, and produced by no one. If we're lucky, one band member might kill another. Some of the best America has to offer that isn't offered by Relapse yet.

2004. Already Left Town Productions.

MAGGOTTZINE: Volume I, Issue 1 - June 20 - July 2 2004

Production notes: Twelve packs of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer - 7. Packs of Camel Filters: 15. Automobiles purchased: 1. Loads of laundry done:0. Hours spent at the bar: 5.30. Beer was spilled on pages 2 and 16. Number of times reading Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice": 1.

Conversations with Todd: 2. Secrets kept: 1.